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AND

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Prices of Public Stock.

CORRECTED FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY, BY G. TAYLOR, JUN. No. 67, CHESNUT-STREET.

EIGHT Per cent. stock 105 a 105 1-2
New and Old Six per cent.....88 a 89
Navy do.....89 a 90
Three per cent.....54 a 55
5 1-2 and 4 1-2 per cent. none at market.
Bank United States,.....133 a 134 p. c. ad.
.....Pennsylvania.....129 a 130 ditto
.....North America.....126 a 127 ditto
Insurance Comp. Pennsylv. 122 a 123 ditto
.....North America.....70 ditto
Turnpike.....250 a 260 Dollars.
Schuylkill Bridge.....par.
Water Loan.....87 1-2 Dollars.
Land Warrants.....25 a 30 dols. 100 acres.
St. Augustine Church Lot. Tickets 9 1-2 d. commenced drawing on Monday.

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Rates of Foreign Coins and Currencies in the United States—per Act of Congress for payment of duties. Dolls. Cents.

English pound sterling.....4.....44
Irish.....do.....do.....4.....10
Dutch florin or guilder.....0.....41
Hamburgh Mark Banco.....0.....33 1-3

The Progress of Ingratitude:

A TALE.

ON the borders of the Nubian desert, near where the great father of waters rolls his congregated floods, the Governor Hassan Aschaban ruled his extensive territory in peace, amidst the convulsions of surrounding nations. He issued mandates but for the good of his subjects, and raised the arm of power solely for the purpose of administering justice. Amidst the luxuries of a palace he forgot not the duties of religion, nor was he second to bend the knee to the *Protector* of the *Faithful*.

The affections of his people were bulwarks that defended him; he reared his head and flourished like the cedar of the mountains, beneath whose shade the weary traveller seeks the solace of repose.

His predecessor was a weak and jealous tyrant, who saw no comeliness in virtue, no deformity in vice; but sought the *Supreme Good* in the gratification of his sensual appetites.

The fame of a beautiful female slave, in the possession of one of the petty Princes near the cataracts of the Nile, reached his ear: he offered riches and honours to the man, who, by force or artifice, would bring her to his seraglio. Casganasker, a person of desperate fortune, and dark intrigue, who had been formerly banished for crimes of the most attrocious nature, threw himself at the foot of the throne, and offered his services in this hazardous enterprize. He found acceptance in the eyes of his Prince: he succeeded in his attempt: and, returning with the inestimable prize, lodged her safe in the royal apartments.

The symmetry of her form was like that of the slender palm; her eyes were brilliant as the glowing diamond; and her sombre fragrant as the gardens of Damascus.

The tyrant having accomplished his desires, praised the fidelity of the messenger, on whom he lavished favours with an unsparing hand; and finally, raised him to the highest office in his dominions.

In this situation, he was suspected of endeavouring to subvert the government, and of intriguing with the favourite women of the court. The jealousy and indignation of his master were roused; and, in the first emotions of anger, he commanded his head to be struck off; but, from political motives, on further deliberation, he changed the sentence to that of perpetual imprisonment.

In the neighbourhood of Tamalma, the ruins of the ancient tower cast its lengthened shade on the desert of Zaara; and beneath its foundations were those hideous dungeons, where the victims of royal displeasure lingered out the remains of a miserable existence.

Benhadar was the governor of this tower, and to those regions of sorrow was consigned the heretofore much envied Casganasker. In a lonely cell he clanked his heavy chains in darkness, where the loathsome ichneumon* was his only companion, and the constant witness of his groans and tears.

After many moons had passed, Benhadar, who had been acquainted with a variety of circumstances in favour of his prisoner, relaxed his rigour, and, at the hazard of his head, treated him with unmerited indulgence.

It was at this period of time the tyrant died, and Hassan Aschaban succeeded to the government of the province; of whose virtues, and the lenity of his keeper, the wretch Casganasker availing himself, had

* *A kind of Rat peculiar to this Country.*

the address to cause a representation to be made to that Prince, of the unfaithfulness of Benhadar to his trust, in granting unwarrantable liberty and indulgence to the prisoners committed to his charge.

Casganasker, in the days of his prosperity, by arts unknown to generous minds, had made himself many friends. Those had forsaken him in the gloomy season of adversity; but observing the revolutions of fortune, they now foresaw that his readvancement appeared practicable, and when accomplished, could not fail to contribute to their own interest. Stimulated by motives of self-love, they stepped forward, and succeeded in restoring the minion to the notice of royalty.

Princes see through tinted optics, and hear but through the medium of others: Hassan Aschaban, incensed at the injustice of his predecessor, and the infidelity of his servants, ordered the good Benhadar to be thrown into the dungeon, and ordered Casganasker to supply his place as governor of the fortress. Though long a probationer in the school of affliction, this man had not profited by its admonitions; with the fortitude of virtue, he had lost the sense of gratitude, and the feelings of humanity. His tyranny over the victims committed to his trust was such as added double weight to misfortune, while it involved in the common doom, the friend to whom he owed the most indispensible obligations.

Hassan Aschaban was not acquainted with the corrupt system of Eastern politics; he was aware of the abuses which had been introduced during the reigns of his effeminate ancestors; his first great attempt was therefore to seek the sources of those polluted streams which replenished the channels of corruption, and diffused their baneful influence through all his territories. For this purpose, he not only employed men of integrity in every district, to make faithful reports concerning the public welfare; but anxious to ameliorate the condition of the most unfortunate of his subjects, he visited in person the dwellings of wretchedness, where he marked with the nicest discrimination, the sufferings of virtue and of vice.

With active zeal he explored the dungeons of Tamalma, and granted every prisoner liberty to relate his own history. That of Benhadar made a particular impression on his mind, while every tongue bore testimony to the worth of this injured man; and a number of corroborating circumstances added weight to his own narration.

The prince possessed a mind open to conviction. The proofs of Benhadar's innocence appeared unquestionable. He readily penetrated into the dark labyrinth of iniquity; in consequence of which, Casganasker was degraded, and Benhadar raised to the rank of prime Minister; in which exalted capacity he was entrusted with the fate of his enemy, whom he generously pardoned, on condition that he retired beyond the cataracts, and returned no more.

Long and prosperous was the reign of Hassan Aschaban. His fame extended from the walls of Cairo to the Ethiopian Desert; while the voice of a happy people applauded the wisdom of his act, in the promotion of a man of integrity, who poised the balance of Justice with a steady hand, to the discomfiture of Vice, the encouragement of Virtue, and the eventual aggrandizement of an extensive territory.

On a general and cursory survey of mankind, we are too frequently inclined to form incoherent opinions of causes, on which depend the most important events; and are far more ready to arraign the wisdom which planned and arranged all mortal affairs, than to acknowledge our want of penetration to account for the various movements of a grand and complicated machine.

Misfortunes operate variously on the human mind. Some hearts they soften and fructify; others they render more callous and steril. Of the cup of *Prosperity*, few know how to drink with moderation; particularly those who are most unaccustomed to the fascinating draught: but when the sweet ingredient of *Power* is mingled therewith, it becomes in the extreme, intoxicating and dangerous! And the man who can resist its temptations, must be little less than a prodigy of Temperance and Virtue.

We are apt to think hardly of Providence respecting her disposal of the links in the great chain of Subordination; but we have frequent opportunity of being convinced that our judgment is erroneous and fallible.

To but a few has heaven permitted the lot of rising to conspicuous situations, and presiding over the fates of their fellow-mortals; and that lot is wisely decreed to be the touch-stone of their Vices and Virtues. Placed beyond the reach of controul, the vain will indulge their vanity, the ambitious their ambition, and the ungrateful their ingratitude; the wise will display their wisdom, the just their justice, and the merciful their philanthropy.

Here will men appear in their proper colours, and excite the indignity or admiration which they deserve. They will long be held up to view as perfect patterns or just examples, and will ever bear testimony to this important truth: That in every state or country, the "bad are public curses, and the good public blessings;" That Vice is the dangerous rock which threatens the community with shipwreck; and Virtue the faithful beacon, that guides thro' storms and tempests, to the "desired haven" of peace and prosperity.

SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF A SPANISH WOMAN.

WHEN the Spaniards first laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, in 1535, the new colony wanted provisions. All who attempted to procure them were murdered by the savages; and it became necessary to forbid any one, upon pain of death, from going beyond the limits of the new settlement.

A woman, whom hunger had certainly inspired with courage to brave the fear of death, eluded the vigilance of the guards who were posted around the colony, to preserve it from the danger it was exposed to in consequence of the famine.

Maldonata, for such was the name of the fugitive, having wandered about for some time in unknown and unfrequented roads, entered a cave to repose herself.

A lioness, whom she met with there, filled her with extreme terror, which was soon changed into surprise, when she perceived this formidable animal approaching her with signs of fear, and then caressing and licking her hands, with mournful cries, rather calculated to excite compassion than dread.

Maldonata soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burden. Maldonata was inspired with courage, and assisted the effort of nature, in that painful moment when she seems reluctantly to give life to all beings, which they are to enjoy for so short a time. The lioness being safely delivered, soon went out in quest of provisions, which she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. She daily shared it with the little whelps, who, brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed by their playful and harmless bites, to acknowledge an obligation, which their dam repaid with the tenderest marks of attention: But when they grew bigger,

and found themselves impelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed in the woods; and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated.

Maldonata, alone and without sustenance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror to so many living creatures, but which her pity had made a place of safety for her.

She now felt the want of a society which had been of such signal service to her: she did not wander for any considerable time before she fell into the hands of savages.

She had been fed by a lion, and was made a slave of by men. She was soon after retaken by the Spaniards, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres. The commandant, more savage than the lions or the wild Indians, did not think her sufficiently punished for her flight by all the dangers and miseries she had endured; he had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve or to be devoured by wild beasts.

Two days after, some soldiers went to see what was become of the unhappy victim; they found her alive, surrounded by hungry tigers, who were eager to devour her, but were kept at a distance by a lioness, who lay at her feet, with her whelps.

The sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them, she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress; but when they took her away, the animal followed slow at some distance, endeavouring to confirm by her tender caresses and complaints, the wonder of gratitude, which the woman was relating to her deliverers.

The lioness with her whelps, for some time followed her foot-steps, shewing all the same marks of regret and affliction, that a disconsolate family express, when they attend a beloved father or son, who is going to embark for a place, from whence he may never return.

The commandant was informed of the whole adventure by his soldiers, and this example of gratitude in an animal so ferocious, awakened in him those feelings, which his savage heart had undoubtedly lost in crossing the seas, and he suffered a woman to live, who had been so visibly protected by heaven.

JEWS.

THE laws of England, and indeed all Christian countries, were formerly very sévere against the Jews. By an act of Parliament of Edward the First, every Jew above seven years of age was obliged to wear a mark of *two cables joined*, upon their upper garment: they were declared to be the king's slaves; the *good Christians* were allowed to take *only* half their substance, and lastly, no Christian was permitted to lie in their houses. But notwithstanding these severities, a Jew was thereby permitted to purchase a house and curtilage, which an enlightened Parliament of the eighteenth century would not permit. By another statute of the same king, if any butcher sold flesh bought of a Jew, he was for the first offence to be heavily amerced; for the second, to be set in the pillory; for the third, to be imprisoned; and for the fourth, to be banished from the town where the offence was committed.

A rich Jew not ransoming himself, king John ordered, for seven days successively, one of his teeth to be pulled out; upon which he at last submitted to pay the king ten thousand marks of silver.—*Stow's Chronicle*, pag. 168.

By an ordinance of king John likewise, a Jew could not assign a debt due to him by a Christian, which his successor Henry III. took advantage of, by selling licences for such a dispensation.—*Petyt. M. S.* vol. vii. pag. 261, 263.

Howell in his *Londinopolis*, relates a circumstance which happened to a Jew in the reign of Henry III. He had by accident, fallen into a privy on his *sabbath*, and would not suffer any one to take him out, though rather a *necessary work*. The Earl of Gloucester not only suffered him to continue in this filthy situation his own *sabbath*, (Saturday) but would not permit any person to take him out on the *Sunday*, being the *sabbath of the Christians*. The Jew by this cruel joke, was suffocated.

Some centuries afterwards, when more humanity might have been expected, Sir Edward Coke mentions a great number of Jews, who were permitted by the master of a ship to take a walk on the sea shore while the tide was coming in, which he represented to ebb, and by this horrid deceit, were surrounded by the sea, and drowned. The only reflection which the lord chief justice of England made upon this is, "Thus perished these *infidel* Jews."

EPIGRAM OF GARRICK,

The celebrated Actor.

MR. GARRICK was charged with mispronouncing some words, including the the letter *i*, as *furm* for *firm*, *vurtue* for *virtue*; and others with respect to the letter *e*, as *Hurculus* for *Hercules*; or *ea*, as *urth* for *earth*. These little inaccuracies furnished an indefatigable pamphleteer with an opportunity for making a sixpenny touch, called, "A petition of I, to David Garrick, Esq. in behalf of herself and her sisters." Its publication occasoned the following epigram.

"If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better:
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*."

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

NEW MUSIC STORE,

No. 13, SOUTH FOURTH-STREET,

Next door to the Indian Queen Tavern.

R. SHAW

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has for Sale, at the above place, an elegant assortment of Music and Musical Instruments, consisting of PIANO FORTES, double and single action, with and without additional keys, from 110 *to* 190 *dollars, patent and other Flutes, from* 2 1-2 *to* 30 *dollars—Tenors, Violincellos and Boxes—improved Eolian Harps—Ladies' Tamboreens—Military do. with bells—Cymbals, Trumpets, Bassoons, &c. &c.—Real Roman Violin Strings and Boxes—With a variety of the most favourite NEW SONGS, and other Music—Ruled Music Paper and Pens—and an extensive assortment of other articles in the Musical line; which he will dispose of on the lowest possible terms.*

JUST PUBLISHED, *a New Song called the THREE SIGHS—Sorrow—Hope and Bliss.*

Also just published a New Song, called the BEGGAR-GIRL.

Dec. 27.

THE PRIORY OF THE TWO LOVERS.

[*From the* EDINBURGH BEE.]

IN the twelfth century lived one of those titled barbarians who prided themselves in that prerogative of impunity which was one of the characteristics of the feudal government, and which was indeed quite worthy of such a system. The sole delight of this haughty baron seemed to be in frequent and capricious displays of savage despotism. He was continually conceiving the most absurd ideas of amusement; and his gothic imagination ever selected that which bordered most on the ferociousness of credulity. To a brutal rage for singularity, like this, we may doubtless trace the origin of those whimsical services that were appendant to our ancient fiefs, and which the enlightened legislatures of modern times ought universally to eradicate.

Our baron was happy in all those extravagant freaks in which high birth and unbounded riches could enable him to indulge. An only daughter he had, named Genevieve, whom the chronicles of those times have handed down to us as a paragon of beauty. It may be imagined, in course, that a crowd of rivals contended for the honour and happiness of her hand. Nor can we suppose the peerless Genevieve herself unsusceptible of the tender passion. Baldwin, a young chevalier in the neighbourhood, had certainly no reason to doubt it. Amiable he was, and amiable did he appear in the eyes of the charming maid.

Ardent and reciprocal was the passion they cherished. His, however, the young chevalier studiously concealed from every eye. His patrimony was too slender to encourage aspiring hopes, and in conjugal alliance does interest too often preside with fatal sway.—Through no other medium did the father of Genevieve view her lover. To a thousand exalted qualities, the liberal gifts of nature, he was totally insensible.

Baldwin was convinced then, that he never could be the husband of the beautiful Genevieve. But does love ever reason? He listens—he attends only to the tender sentiment, and no obstacle does that sentiment perceive. Has love then sufficient resources in himself?—Every day the tenderness of the two lovers increased; and increasing it seemed to become irresistible.

The baron is not long unacquainted with their mutual passion. He surprises the young chevalier with his daughter. He could perceive the ingenious frankness of modesty in the one, with ardour and inexpressible extacy in the other. In the first suggestions of fury, he would have sacrificed Baldwin to immediate vengeance. Genevieve throws herself at her father's feet; she bedews them with her tears; "I will not survive him!" cries the beauteous maid: "save him, my father, hurt him not, or I die with him—I perish on the spot!"—The old baron was not unaffected by her tears; yet still his savage temper had the ascendant. Pointing to a hill near his castle, "Young man," said he, "you have been presumptuous enough to think one moment of my daughter. Nevertheless she shall be your wife, if you will carry her, without stopping, to the top of yonder hill; but the least repose shall cost you the prize."—The chevalier does not suffer him to finish. He flies to his mistress, takes her in his arms, and runs towards the hill, exclaiming, "You shall be mine!"—A crowd of vassals assembled at a scene that was at once so barbarous and so singular.

Love has very justly been painted with a bandage over his eyes. Baldwin, in the excessive ardour of his passion, had not perceived the extreme difficulty of his undertaking. His eyes—his whole soul was fixed upon Genevieve.

He ascended the hill with inconceivable swiftness; he had wings; he felt the heart of his mistress palpitate against his own. "I tremble, my dear my friend!" said she, you will not reach, you will not reach the top;—moderate your impetuosity."

"Fear nothing, fear nothing, my adorable Genevieve! You know not the power of love. I could reach, I could gain the skies!"

The whole assembly utter vows to heaven for the amiable pair. In a thousand ways they express their encouraging approbation. But the lovers strength begins to fail—he perceives it himself. "My dear, dear Genevieve! speak to me, repeat to me, repeat that you love me. Fix your eyes on mine—yes! I shall feel more than mortal powers—you revive me—you strengthen me again."

Nature, however, abandons him. Love is now his only support, and what cannot love atcheive? Baldwin now looks toward the summit of the hill, and measures it with his eyes, which he had not done before.

"Ah! is it not very high?" said his terrified mistress.

"I shall reach it—I *shall* reach it."

How justly has it been observed that love is capable of performing miracles! Baldwin, indeed, was now no longer a man. It was the genius of love that triumphed over insurmountable obstacles. The cries of the spectators resounded on every side. They trembled, they mounted, they panted with the young chevalier, who was now intently regarding the summit, as the period of his efforts. The admiring multitude did not fail to observe all his motions. They saw every member working, struggling, vanquishing fatigue. Genevieve, the beauteous Geneveive! was weeping.

At length, the happy chevalier gains the height. He instantly sinks with his precious burden on the earth, which he seems to embrace as the monument of his victory. A man of letters would here mention Cæsar, who embraced the earth in like manner;—"and for an object of far less consequence," would add some enamoured lover. Acclamations of joy arise, "Baldwin is victor—Baldwin has gained the prize!"—"My friend, my beloved!" exclaims Genevieve, "will now be my husband." She threw herself on his bosom—she lavishes the most tender expressions; her lover answers not—his eyes are closed—he is motionless: "Oh! heavens!" cries Genevieve, "he is dead—Baldwin, my Baldwin is dead!"

The young conqueror had sunk under his fatigue. "He is dead he is dead!" mournfully passed from mouth to mouth. Consternation is visible in every countenance. The eyes, the looks of all are fixed on the fatal summit.

Genevieve, weeping, presses her lover to her bosom; she strives to recall him to life. Her kisses, her tears revive the chevalier; he opens an almost lifeless eye: with a faultering voice he can only utter, "I die, Genevieve.—Let them give me at least the name of thy husband on my tomb; the sweet idea consoles me; Oh! my only love, receive my last sigh."

The spectators, who did not a moment lose sight of Genevieve, had been restored with her to hope. They had easily understood that Baldwin had revived. They now as easily perceived that it was only a rapid flash of hope. They were convinced of it by the dreadful shriek with which Genevieve again uttered, "He is dead, he is dead!" In a moment they saw her sink on her lover's corpse.

The inhuman baron is now agitated by all the terror of paternal love. He flies to the hill. The crowd hastily follow him. They gain the summit. They find Genevieve, with her two stiffened arms, embracing the unfortunate Baldwin. In vain would her wretched father revive her.—Genevieve, Genevieve herself was now no more.

All the people loaded with reproaches the barbarian, who in vain pressed his daughter to his bosom. They raise the two bodies, they place them weeping in the coffin. Piety did not fail to consecrate the sentiments of nature and compassion. A chapel was built on the fatal spot; and the father, desiring in some measure to expatiate his fault, erected a tomb, in which he ordered that those whom he would have separated in life, should be united in death.—This place, as we have before observed, has ever since been called by a name that will perpetrate their melancholy story—*The Priory of the two Lovers.*

AVARICE REPROVED.

Banish'd be thou (Avarice) haggard wolf, coeval with the world,
That devourest more than all other beasts,
And whose insatiable appetite knows no bounds.

THERE was a golden mine discovered in the grounds of one Pythes, a Persian prince, of an inestimable value; and his heart was so set upon it, that there was nothing but delving and refining day and night, without so much as allowing, either himself or his workmen, liberty for the most necessary offices of nature, insomuch, that divers of them perished for want of food and rest. In this distress the wives and relations of these poor men joined in an address to the wife of Pythes, to intercede with her husband in their behalf. She gave them the hearing, and bade them go their ways home again, and hope the best. She sent, at the same time, for some of the most exquisite artists among the goldsmiths, that she thought might be trusted with a secret she had to impart: and gave them a particular account of her husband's diet, with orders to provide an entertainment, all in gold, according to that bill of fare. By the time that the precious collation was prepared, home comes the husband, tired and half-starved, and calls for supper. The word was no sooner spoken, but in comes a golden table, with a wonderful variety of delicacies upon it, all of the same metal. Pythes stood in admiration at the curiosity of the workmanship: But wife, says he, after a little pause, prithee let me have somewhat to eat, as well as to look upon; and so he called for one thing after another, and it was all brought in plate still. This mockery, as he understood it, put him into a fret; and he told his wife, over and over, that he did not call for gold, but meat. Why, Sir, says she, sure you talk idly: there is no such thing as meat in our country. Here is no planting, no plowing or sowing, no fruit, no corn, no vintage, no harvest. Here is nothing but digging, and mining, and that which comes of it, is all we have to trust to; so that we must either eat gold, or starve. The pretty sharpness of this hint wrought so effectually upon the husband, that from thence forward, he divided his cares betwixt his own separate interest and the public good.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Benevolence.

*"***** And learn the luxury of doing good."*

BENEVOLENCE is an herb cherished in Paradise, and transplanted into the human heart—its ever-blooming verdure in the bosom of sensibility, possesses an all-healing virtue:—he who is actuated by its benign influence, is capable of enjoying more real happiness than all the transcient and delusory joys sensuality and fortune can possibly create.—Sympathy of souls is the guide to mortal felicity—he who is destitute of this beatific gift, the slightest evil can destroy his serenity, and the meanest trifle constitutes his highest enjoyment; his amusements are as a vapour, and like every sensual gratification, vanish, without producing one pleasing reflection; his life admits of no agreeable retrospection; his heart is destitute of an object, and he is only a gazer on the beauties of creation.—On the contrary, to him in whose heart benevolence puts forth its blossoms, every object is attractive and claims attention; hapless virtue commands the tear of pity—degraded innocence is raised by the hand of commisseration—the wounds of affliction are healed with the balm of comfort, whilst every child of misfortune remembers his humane benefactor with gratitude in his oraisons to the great Disposer of events. By him nature in all her works is viewed with sensations of pleasure and mental joy. Benevolence elevates the mind to the realms of immortality, and contemplates the harmony of heaven and angelic love, with a luxurious delight unknown to the heart of the unfeeling sensualist.——Sweet offspring of heaven, pure Benevolence, productive of temporal and ever-existent felicity; thou, without whom no friendship is durable, no love sincere, and no being a blessing to society, may I ever feel a grateful sense of what I owe to Omniscience for thy divine influence, which hath smoothed the rugged path of life through which I have passed! continue to befriend mankind—extend thy beneficence more liberally, and harmonize the feelings of every heart—lead thy votaries to those mansions of bliss, where the malignant blast of oppression are shut out for ever. J. W. S.

OF THE MANY AND UNCOMMON WAYS OF DEATH.

Tho' we each day our lives with cost repair,
Death mocks our greatest skill and utmost care:
Nor loves the lovely fair, nor fears the strong,
And he that lives the longest dies but young.
One mortal feels Fate's sudden unthought blow,
Another's lingering death approaches slow:
'Tis then our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
We know not when, or how, at least not why,
To make a virtue of necessity.

BY an unalterable decree of heaven, "it is appointed for all men once to die;" and we are daily so surrounded with accidents out of the common road to the grave, that it is rather a wonder we should live a day, than linger out three-score years. Death mocks and derides the most prudent care and foresight of the wisest mortals that endeavour to avoid it, by hastening their ends by the same means they thought to prevent it. The only way not to be surprised by death, is to be always provided to die, for then it can never come too soon.

Charles II. King of Navarre, by a vicious life in his youth, fell into a paralytic distemper in his old age that took away the use of his limbs. His physicians directed him to be sewed up in a sheet that had for a considerable time been steeped in strong distilled spirits, to recover the natural heat of his benumbed joints. The surgeon having sewed him up very close and strong, and wanting a knife to cut off the thread, made use of a candle that was at hand to burn it off; but the flame from the thread reaching the sheet, the spirits wherewith the sheet was wet immediately taking fire, burnt so vehemently, that no endeavours could extinguish the flame: And so the miserable king lost his life in using the means for recovering his health.

Anacreon, an ancient lyric poet, having outlived the usual standard of life, and yet endeavouring to prolong it by drinking the juice of raisins, was choaked by a stone of a raisin that happened to fall into the liquor in straining it.

Pope Adrian IV. drinking a draught of spring water to refresh himself when he was thirsty, a fly falling into the glass as he was drinking, it choaked him.

Drusins Pompeius, the son of Claudius Cæsar, among other boyish tricks, accustomed himself to throw up a pear and catch it in his mouth; but, in the end, it fell so far into his throat, that it stopped his breath and suffocated him.

Terpander, the famous harper of Sparta, as he was singing to that instrument, opened his mouth so wide in straining his voice to the pitch of the harp, that an unhappy wag standing by, threw a fig into his mouth in pure jest and merriment, which, contrary to the intentions of him that threw it, stuck so fast in his throat, that he was strangled by it before any help could be had to draw it out.

I saw a woman, saith Bartholinus, sporting and playing with a little boy; at which time it happened that the child thrust a needle into the woman's knee, and she neglecting so inconsiderable a wound, fell into convulsion fits, and died the third day after she had received the hurt.

Pope Clemens VII. was poisoned by the smell of an impoisoned flambeau that was carried before him, which entering his nostrils, infected his brain, and put an end to his days.

There was a baker, living in the street of Rome, which is called Suburra, who being suddenly taken with a violent sneezing, sneezed twenty-three times in a breath, and died the twenty-fourth.

A man dreaming that he was torn in pieces by a lion, and looking upon it as chimera resulting from the confused and disturbed actions of mind and body in a dream, when fancy predominates over reason, slighted it; and the next day seeing the figure of a lion cut in stone, supported by pillars, he told those that were walking with him what he had dreamed the night before, and merrily thrust his hand into the lion's jaw, saying, "Now bite me if thou canst." He had no sooner spoke the words, but a scorpion, which had taken up its lodgings in the lion's mouth, stung him in the hand; which poisonous wound resisting all applications, proved his death.

Many have been warned of their deaths, and yet have had no power to escape it; for either their presumption of security has pushed them on to facilitate the malice of their enemies, or else their caution and circumspection has contributed to hasten it by the methods designed to prevent it.

Alexander the Great was intreated by the Chaldeans not to enter into Babylon, as a place that would be fatal to him. When he was in India, he was told by an oracle, he should be poisoned at Babylon. In a dream he had seen Cassander represented to him as his murderer; but he said no credit was to be given to dreams; and gave Cassander opportunity to administer that poison which was ready prepared for him in Babylon.

Julius Cæsar was prayed by his wife Calpurnia not to go that day into the Senate House, because the night before she had dreamed he was killed there by many wounds. He had often notice by Spurnia to take care of himself on the Ides of March. One thrust a note into his hand as he was entering the Senate House, showing him his danger, and the names of the conspirators; but he put it among the rest of his papers, never read it, and so was barbarously murdered.

Anecdotes.

At the commencement of the late American war, a body of fourscore old men, formed themselves into a military company in Pennsylvania. They were chiefly German emigrants, and had served with reputation in Europe. The commander was nearly 100 years of age, and had been in 17 pitched battles. The drummer was 84, and nearly the whole corps had past the limits of threescore years and ten. In room of a cockade, they wore a black crape round their arms.

After one of those skirmishes, in which the Americans had been successful, an English officer was left dangerously wounded on the field of action. General Putnam, who had been bred a carpenter, immediately threw off his regimentals, and constructed a cradle, in which the wounded officer was conveyed with ease, to an adjacent hospital. When Putnam heard of his recovery, and that it was owing to his humane care, without which he must have bled to death in the removal, he exclaimed, "then I glory more in having been bred a carpenter, than if I had have been born a prince."

One Irishman meeting another, asked, what had become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy? Arrah, now, my dear honey, answered the other, poor Paddy was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in a prison.

MEANNESS PUT TO THE BLUSH!

A Mr. Gubtail, noted for his parsimony and saving grace, but more particularly for a habit of skinning every animal that died in and about his house, lost his mother, a very aged woman; the friends and relations of the deceased met, in mournful silence, at Mr. Gubtail's, to attend the last solemn act, had viewed the deceased with weeping eyes, and the sexton was going to close the lid of the coffin, when Mr. Gubtail's son, a boy of five years old, who had been an attentive observer of his father's habits, stopped the sexton, and running eagerly up to his father, exclaimed, "Sir, ar'n't you going to skin granny?"

A man was remarking that he loved *sheep's heads*, but his wife would not dress them. My dear, retorts madam, you have *one* ready dressed, that you always carry about you.

CHILDREN are fond of listening to stories. Might not those who are about them, while curiosity is all awake, and the memory retentive, avail themselves of this circumstance, to introduce the most interesting parts and passages of real history, instead of ghosts and hobgoblins.

To Mr. JAMES A. NEAL, *Principal of the* YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY,—*on reading an Extract from his late Address to his Pupils, on* COMPOSITION.

Hail! to the friend of virtue and of youth;
Whose heart is virtue; whose monition truth;
Whose rules, whose mode of teaching, and whose care,
Render the paths to knowledge smooth and fair.
With what delight do I the time review,
When my best knowledge I imbib'd from you;
With what delight my sister class-mates see,
Proud of their acquisitions, blest like me!
Then, amiable Tutor, still impart,
Thy useful lessons, form'd to mend the heart,
The understanding aid, the mind improve,
And make us objects of esteem and love.
With mild indulgence, may these lines be view'd,
In token of respect and gratitude;
I only wish to pay a tribute due,
To science, morals, merit, and to you.

MARIA.

One of your former Pupils.

PHILADELPHIA,

January 10.

THE Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that it will in future be edited under the firm, and for the joint interest of D. HOGAN & E. CONRAD. It will be conducted on the same plan as heretofore; and they will use their utmost exertions to render this plan as perfect as possible. A rigid attention to *Morals* shall be their polar star throughout; and their chief study will be to blend *Instruction* with *Amusement*. This is all they promise at present—the work must speak for itself. The public have unhappily been so frequently imposed upon by profusion of promises of this sort, never attended to, that they are accustomed to look upon them with a kind of disgust: the editors, therefore, expect no other support in their present undertaking, than what their labours shall be found to deserve.

DAVID HOGAN,
EPHRAIM CONRAD.

Philadelphia, Jan. 10th, 1801.

☞ *LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, EXTRACTS, &c. (particularly such as are adapted to refine the taste and improve the heart of the juvenile* FAIR*) will be thankfully received; and Subscriptions taken in, at No. 51, South Third-street, opposite the United States' Bank.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have been received, which will be disposed of agreeably to their merit.

We thank "Maria," for her beautiful lines, published in this number of the Repository. We *invite* the fair daughters of America to imitate her example, and exhibit specimens of their taste and improvement.

The SONG and MUSIC for the third month (as promised in the prospectus) will appear next Saturday.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

Congress have passed a bill, appropriating 200,000 dollars for erecting a Mausoleum in honour of George Washington.

The Treaty between France and America, will probably occupy the attention of the Senate for a considerable time.

The Senate have confirmed the nomination of Mr. Dexter, as Secretary of the Treasury.

NO PROSPECT OF PEACE.

Lord Grenville, in his speech on the 11th Nov. said, that "his majesty had received every assurance of the faith and fidelity of the Allies. If any preliminary of Peace was signed by the Emperor, he was a stranger to it." And alluding, we suppose, to the preliminary signed at Paris, by the Count de St. Julien, he also said, that "For what had been signed, was done by an officer avowedly having to authority to do so, and who, not being used to such negociations, had suffered himself to be taken advantage of."

The Imperial army of Italy, is stated to comprise 115,000 men, and that of Germany 86,000, exclusive of Tyroleans, Militia, and Auxiliaries. Both these immense armies to be at the disposal of the Arch-Duke Charles.

ROBBERS!

On Wednesday night last, another attempt was made to break into the store of Messrs. E. and W. Maddock, in Water-street, without success.

On Friday night, last week, Mr. Sterling's store, in Water-street, and on Tuesday night, Mr. Howell's store, on Chesnut-street Wharf, were broken into and plundered.

Quere—Ought there not some steps to be taken to protect the property of our citizens from so dangerous a gang of villains?

A Swedish Captain, says the Spectateur of Bourdeaux, has lately made a trial, before the Stockholm Academy of Sciences, of a machine, by which, two copies of a work may be struck off at the same time, and if necessary, in different forms. No more time is required by this operation, than is usually employed in striking off a single copy. The experiment received the perfect approbation of the Academy.

The Academy of Sciences of Erlangen, has lately proposed for discussion, several important questions relative to the Small Pox. Among others is the following: "Will the rubbing a person with oil, which acts as a preservative against the plague, likewise act as a preservative against the Small Pox."

A letter from Washington, received yesterday, states, on the authority of the Secretary of the navy, that the frigate Insurgent, and the Pickering have been lost. Particulars are not mentioned.

REBUS.

He	one	she	one	me	she	one	he	one
Only	only	only	only	unto	only	only	only	only
Are	but	am	but	you	are	but	am	but
You	loves	I	is	say	you	loves	I	is
And	that	and	there	then	and	that	and	there

Marriages.

MARRIED, at Friends' meeting-house, Mr. Zathu Whitall, merchant, to Miss Lydia Jones, daughter of the late Mr. Aquila Jones, all of this city.

——— By the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. William Lynch, merchant, to Miss Debby Anne Kerlin, both of this city.

——— By the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. D. Estell, to Miss Rhoda Rogers, of this city.

——— At New-York, Mr. Thomas Fenton of this city, to Miss Hannah Dally of New-York.

——— At York, Mr. John Young, aged 83, to Miss Naomi Hill, aged 75; after 38 years courtship.

——— At Perth, Scotland, Mr. Robert Melville, aged 67, to Miss Ross, aged 19. The disparity of years between the happy pair was not the most remarkable thing attending the marriage; the bridegroom's mother, above 100 years of age, danced several reels at the wedding, with as much agility as a girl of twenty.

Death.

DIED—In this city, Mrs. Susannah M'Clintick, widow, aged 50.

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POETRY.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Comforts of Religion.

HAPPY the man whose heart is pure,
Affections calm, and conduct sure
In Life's precarious road;
Who has his treasure fix'd above,
Where all is harmony and love,
Beyond this dark abode.

RELIGION, meek-ey'd lovely maid,
In her celestial charms array'd,
Enchants his raptur'd sight,
Inspires him with a heav'nly mind,
With thought sublime, with joys refin'd,
Substantial sweet delight.

No other Fair attracts his eyes,
No other Fair beneath the skies,
Can make him truly blest;
Religion only can impart,
The vital cordial to the heart,
And fill with peace the breast.

If fickle Fortune's adverse frown,
Prevent his rise, or cast him down,
From wealth or honor's height,
Religion, with a look benign,
Assures his soul in Truth divine,
"Whatever is *is* right."

If sickness and her pallid train,
With the sad family of pain,
Afflict his mortal part,
"Transient is life," Religion cries,
"I wipe the sorrows from thine eyes,
"And soothe thy drooping heart."

And when arrives the solemn hour
That shall the feeble dust restore
Unto its kindred dust,
Religion then shall point on high,
And wing the soul beyond the sky,
To dwell in realms of endless joy,
With seraphs and the just.

EUGENIUS.

ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

ARE not the ravens daily fed by Thee?
And wilt thou clothe the lillies and not me?
Begone distrust! I shall have clothes and bread,
While lillies flourish, or the birds are fed!

ENQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

By Miss Carter.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose;
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the labouring will.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice
Attends each mental power:
Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come; while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth,
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And through the cloister's deep recess
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace:
It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds:
Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit
Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in some state
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim
Of pow'r supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in ought
The hand of heav'n denies!

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious Reason tunes
The passions into peace

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd;
And deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

LINES,

Occasioned by the Death of a Young Lady, designed for her Tomb-stone.

IF Beauty's magic pow'r could save
Its lov'd possessor from the grave,
If Virtue and fair Innocence,
Could with the laws of Fate dispense,
Then, tyrant Death, thy cruel dart
Had never pierc'd this gentle heart;
Snatch'd her in all her blooming charms,
A victim from her parent's arms.
Yet cease to shed the pitying tear,
For, while her body slumbers here,
Her soul has left this dark abode,
To dwell for ever with her God.

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Dec. 13.